DOWNSIZE NOVEL CORPORATION

THE BOOK OF LIFE
CHAPTER ONE

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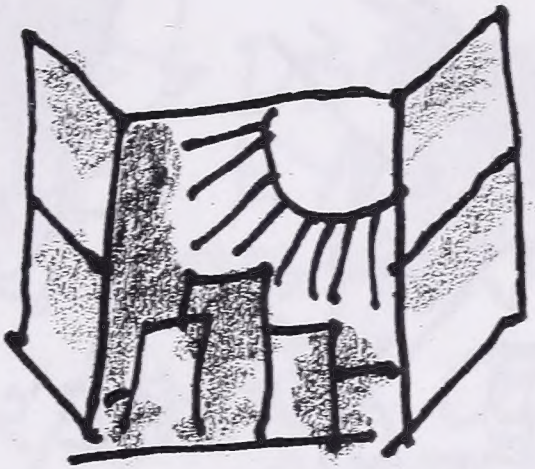
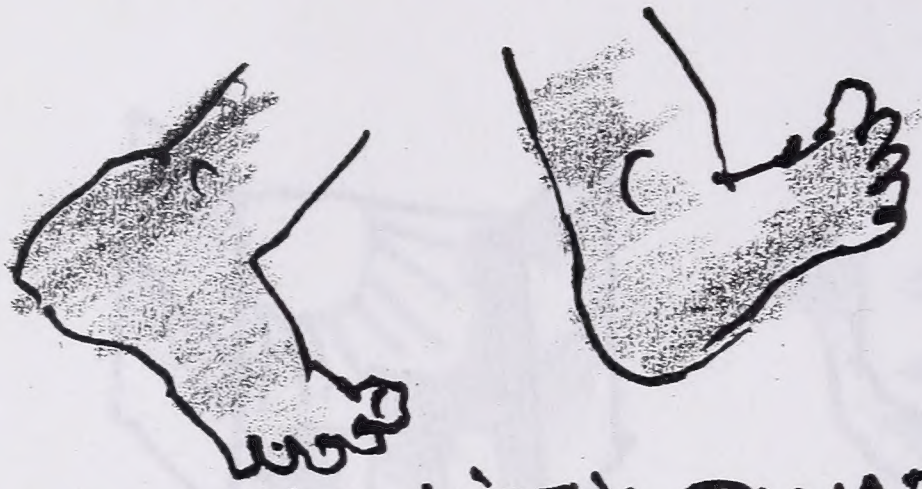
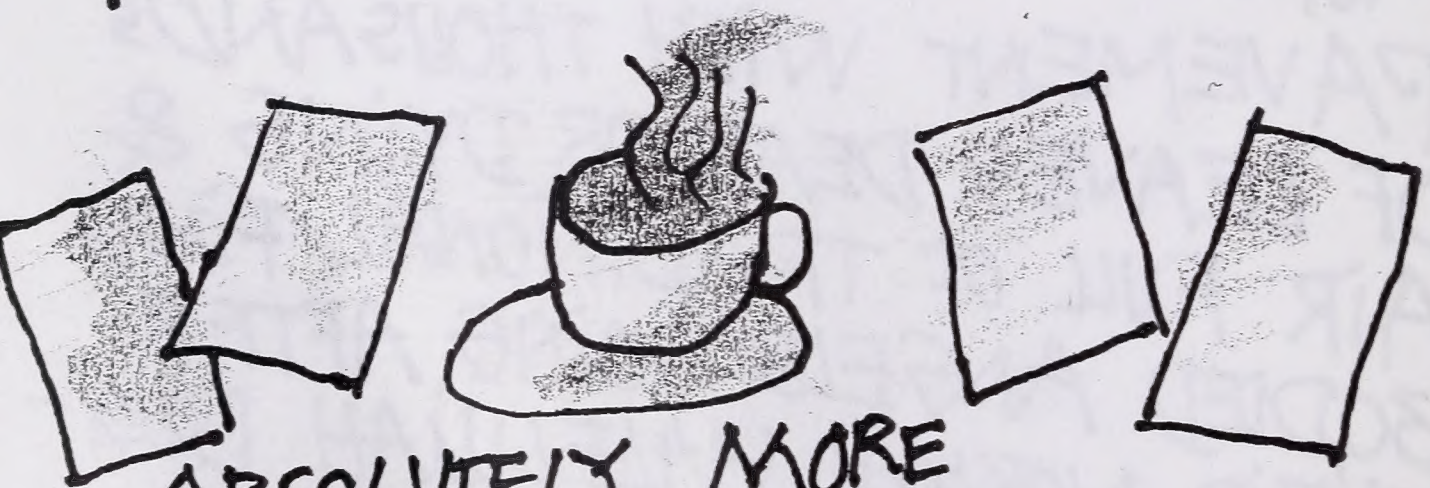


NOSTRILS FLARE
HIT BY THICK COFFEECLOUD
& RISING SUCCEEDS FROM THE KNEES
UP & WELCOMES THE DAY WITH
LIGHT & MORE LIGHT & EVEN
MORE.
PAVEMENT WITH THOUSANDS
OF LEAVES DEAD OR DYING &
AIR FULL OF TRADITIONAL PINK-
BODIED ANGELS GOING AFTER
THEIR NORMAL HALELUJAH BUSI-
NESS SO NECESSARY DURING
MORNING RUSHHOUR.



ONE OF LIFE'S DWARFS IS ON HIS WAY, TAKING HIS SLEEPY BODY INTO HIS HANDS & DIRECTING IT TOWARD THE WORK & DESTINY DESK FULL OF PRETTY WHITE SHEETS OF PAPER IN REPOSE, RESTING & WAITING.

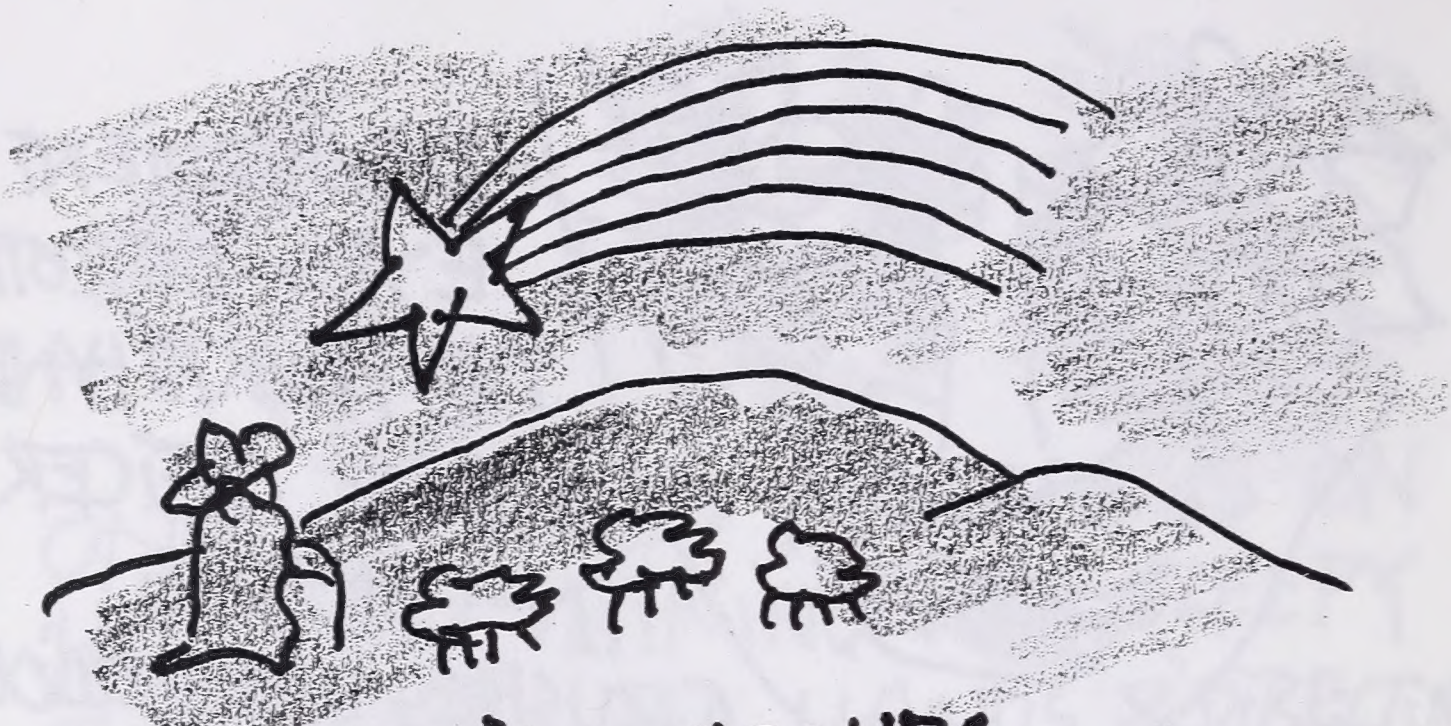


ABSOLUTELY MORE COFFEE IS NEEDED.

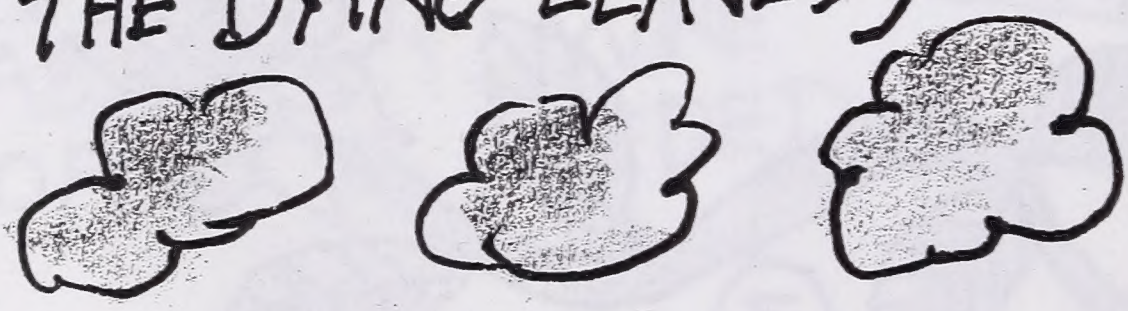
DISOBEDIENT EYES BOYCOTT THE HOUR AT HAND. INSIDE OFFICER-IN-CHARGE CRUSHES THE REBELLION

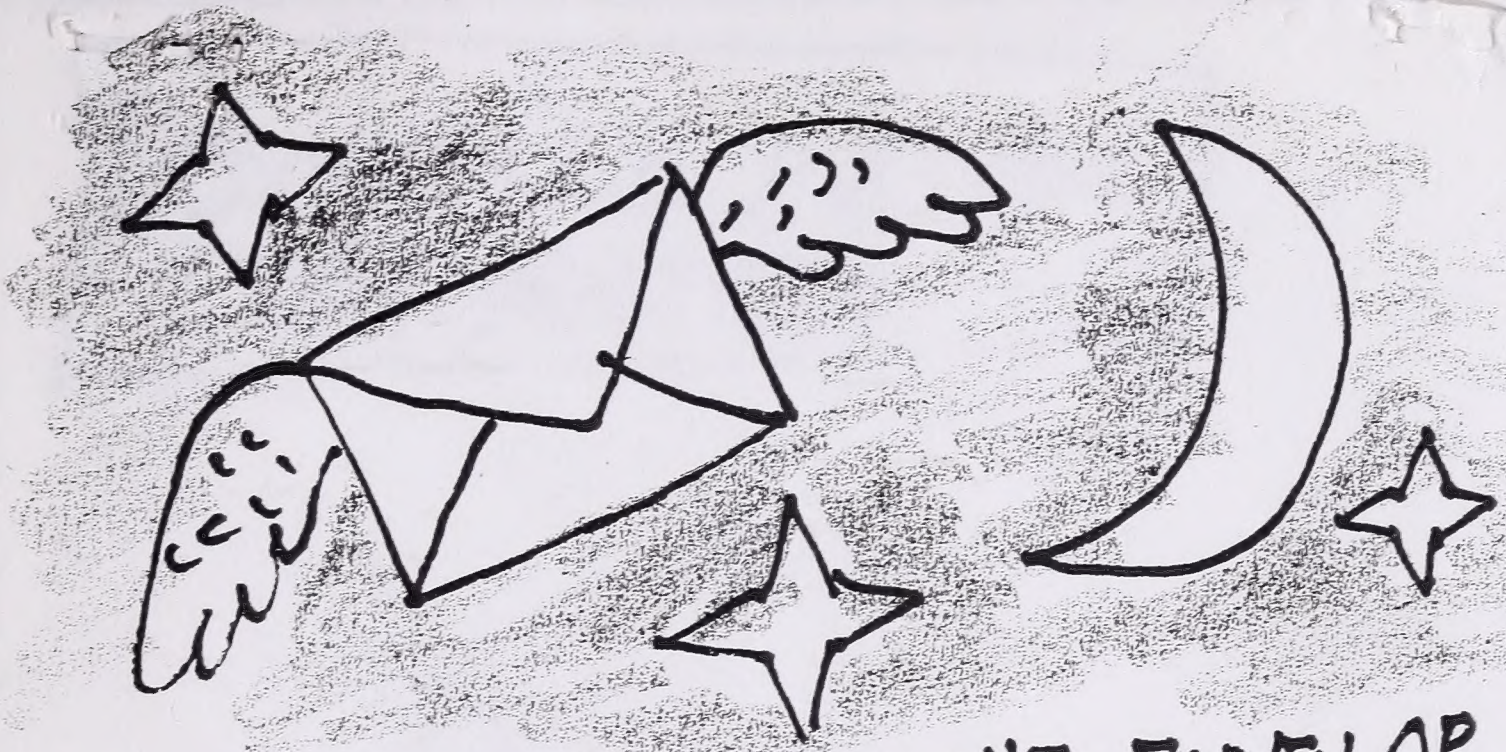
COFFEE SUCCEEDS

INNOCENT PAPER OPENS ITS ARMS FOR LOVE & IMMINENT TRANSFORMATION.



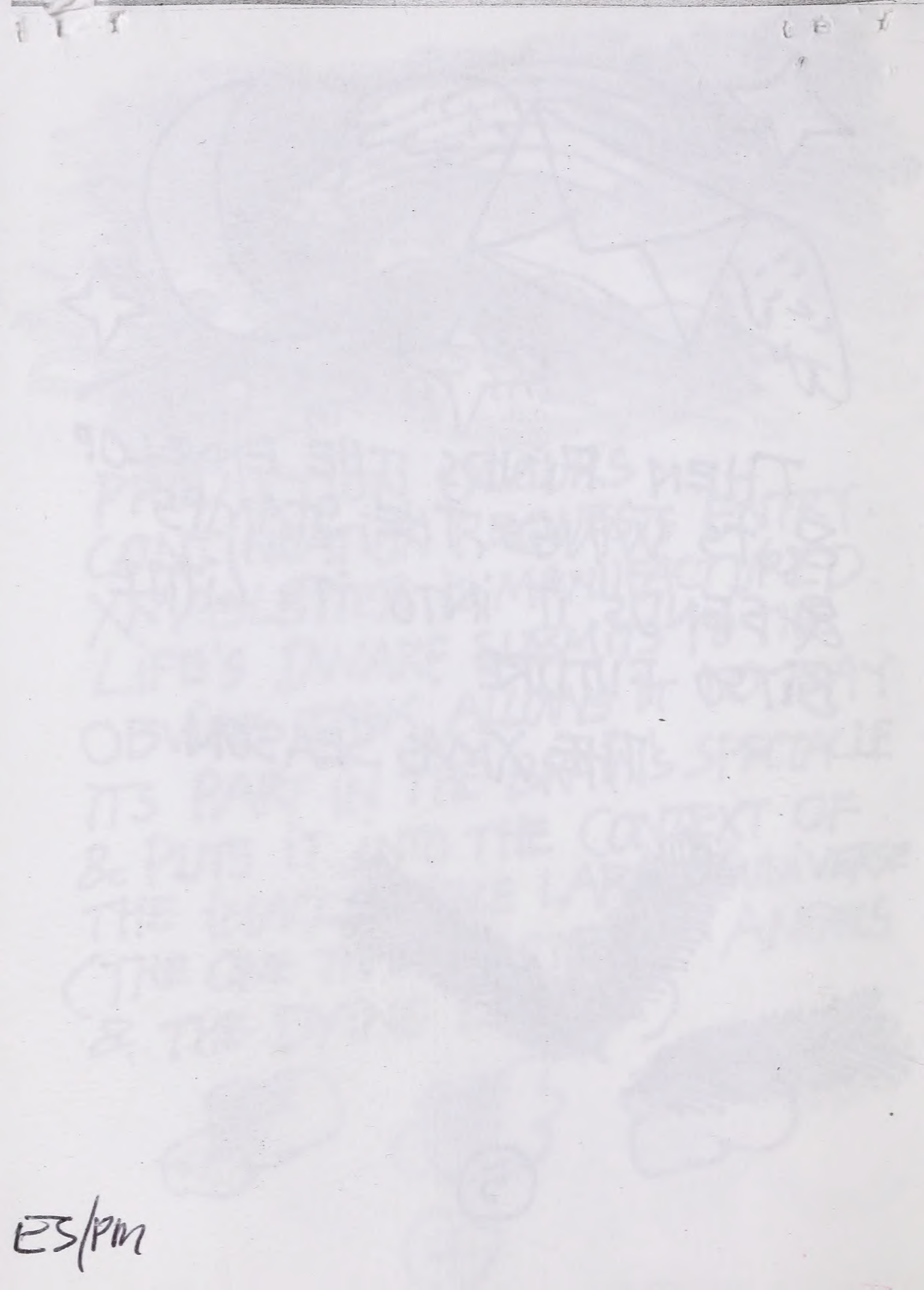
PRODUCTION OCCURS.
CONTINUATION REQUESTS ENTRY.
XMASLETTER IS MANUFACTURED.
LIFE'S DWARF SUBMITS TO THE
OBVIOUS TASK, ALLOWS IT TO PLAY
ITS PART IN THE BRAIN'S SPECTACLE
& PUTS IT INTO THE CONTEXT OF
THE INACCESSIBLE LARGER UNIVERSE
(THE ONE THAT HAS THE PINK ANGELS
& THE DYING LEAVES)





THEN FINDS THE ENVELOP
& ITS WINGS. THE STAMPS
& SENDS IT INTO ITS LITTLE
BITSO FUTURE :

THE XMAS SEASON



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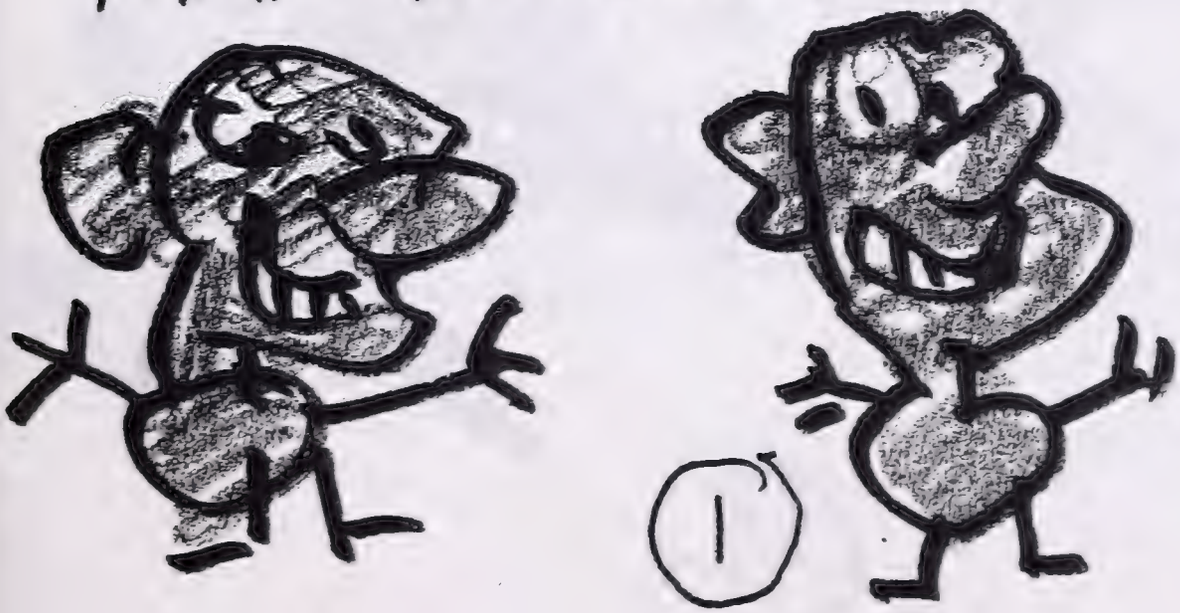
DOWNSIZE NOVEL CORPORATION

THE BOOK OF LIFE
CHAPTER TWO

CHILE'S LIMO
THE BOOK OF TIE
COLOMBIA
DOMESTIC MOMENT

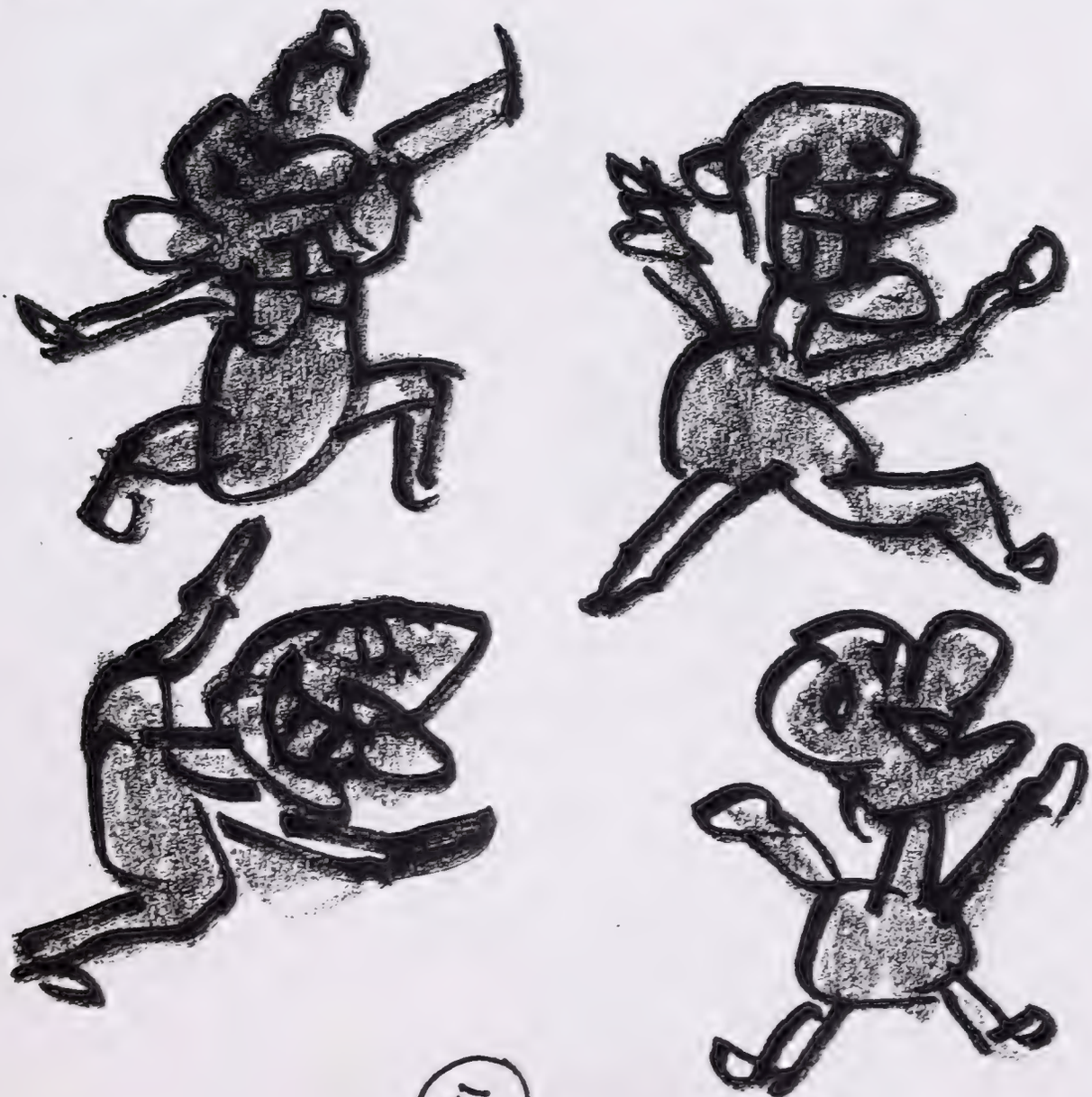
WHEN I WAS A SPECK OF DUST & WAS PICKED UP BY A BREEZE WHICH CAME FROM A CRACK IN THE DOOR I WAS TRANSPORTED TO HEAVEN, JUST A COUPLE OF FEET ABOVE THE KITCHENTABLE WHERE THE SPARKLING SUNRAYS PRODUCED HEAVEN NOT JUST FORME BUT FOR THOUSANDS OF FELLOW SPECKS OF DUST STEEPED INTO LIGHTDRUNK ECSTASY ON THAT PICKLEJAR.



WE WERE THEN CHOREOGRAPHED
BY THE MERE WAVE OF A HAND
WHICH REMOVED THE JAR FROM
ITS SHELF TO THE TABLE BELOW
& CONSEQUENTLY DANCED THE
EPHEMERAL PICKELJARREMOVALDANCE
FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY
& CULMINATED IN A SPECTACULAR
DESCEND INTO POSSIBLY HELL OR
UNTO THE KITCHENFLOOR, WHERE WE
WERE BARELY ABLE TO RECOVE-
RATE BECAUSE OF BEING
KICKED BACK INTO SPACE BY
UNCIVIL BOOTS & THEN EX-
PERIENCED SEVERAL BRIEF

SHUTTLE FLIGHTS BETWEEN KITCHENTABLELEGS WITH BARELY A MOMENT TO REST UP & APPRECIATE OUR STATION IN LIFE.

WE THEREFORE WANT TO TAKE A MOMENT, NOT ONLY TO ASSESS OUR SITUATION BUT ALSO TO URGE YOU IN YOUR VARIOUS DISTRESSES, TO TAKE OUR DIMINUTIVE BUT NEVERTHELESS SIMILAR FATE INTO ACCOUNT WHEN YOU TRY TO CONSOLE YOURSELF WITH YOUR LIFE.



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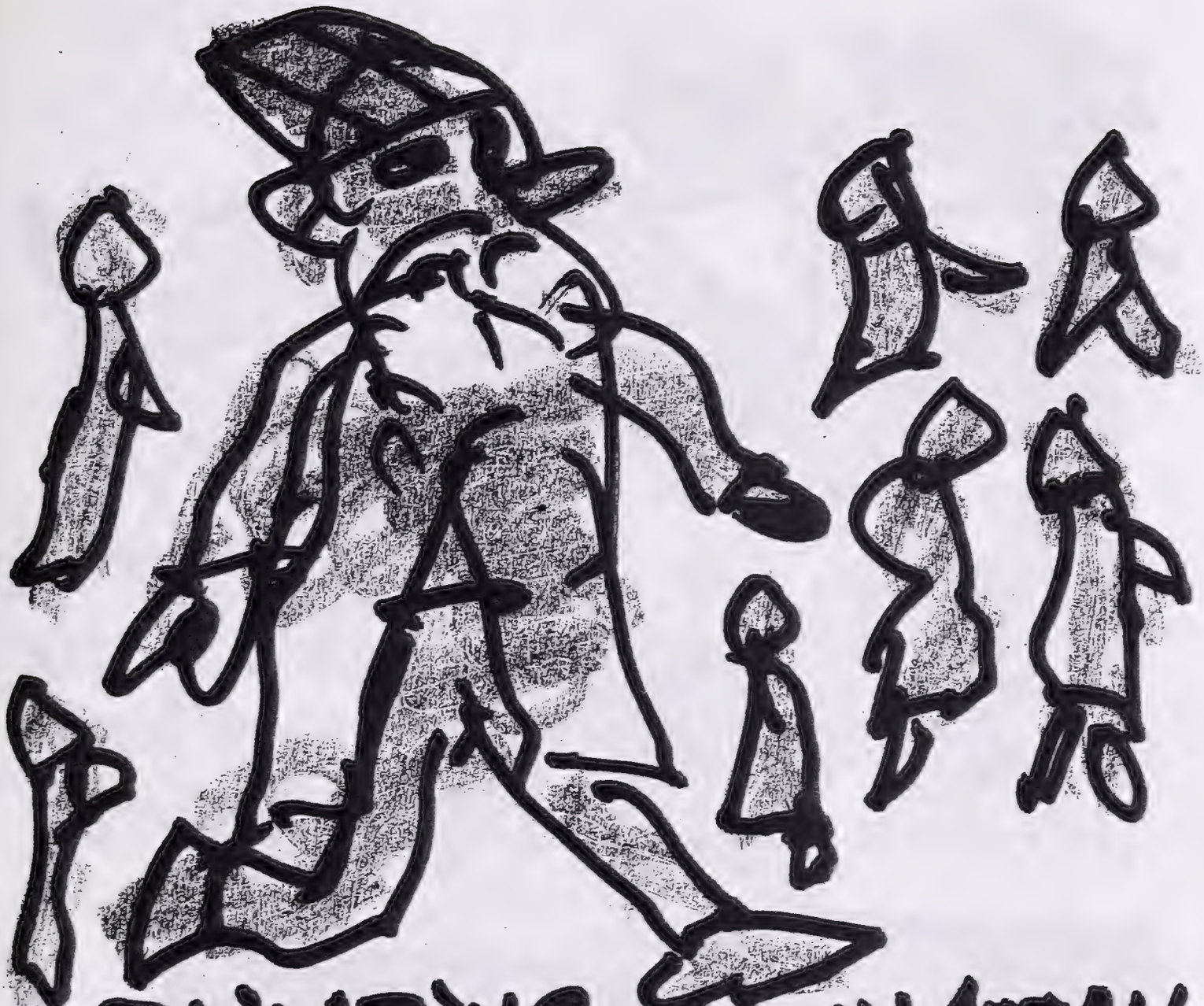
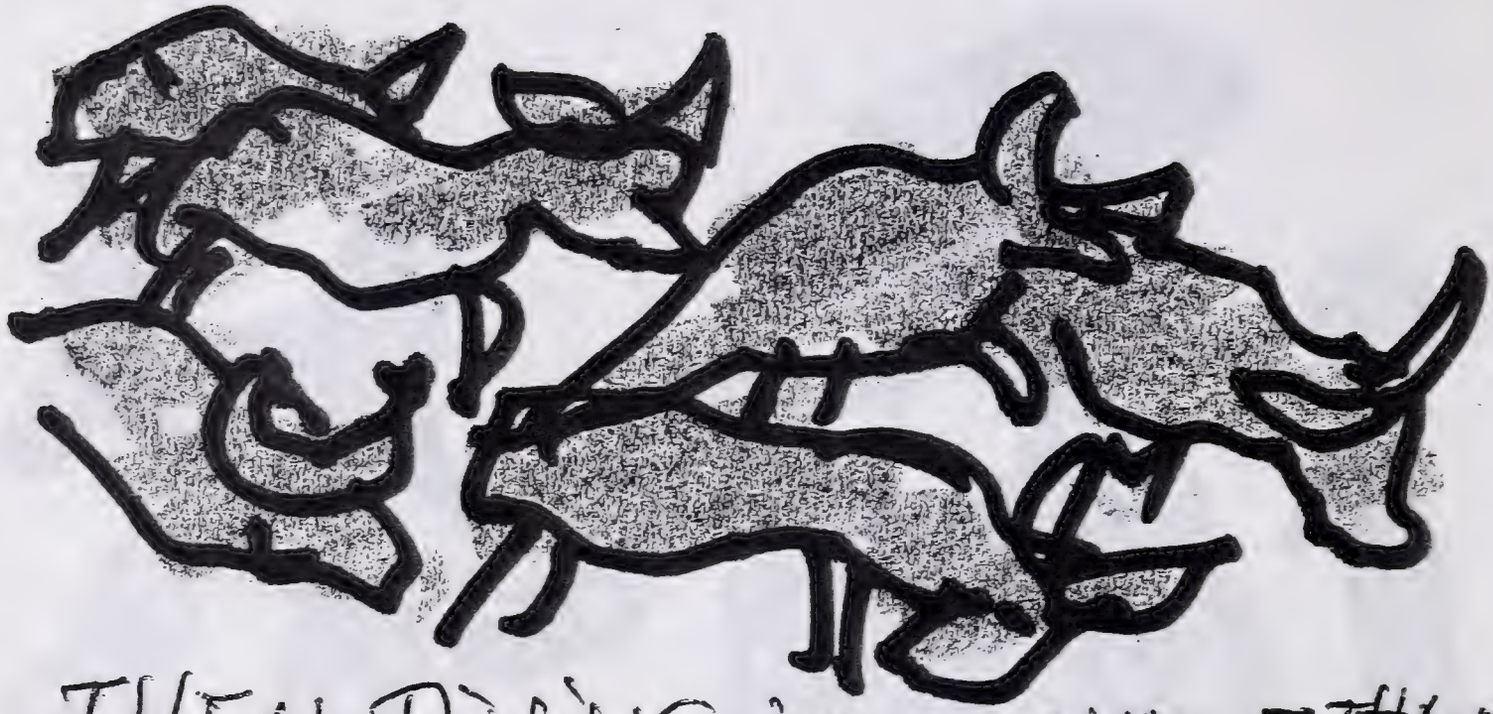


CLIMBING MANHATTAN MOUNTAIN

PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH HERDS OF 14TH STREET WILDER-BEAST & OTHER BEASTS



THEN DIVING INTO THE 5TH AVE RIVER & BARELY SURVIVING THE MULTIPLE ATTACKS IN THE SHARK-INFESTED WHITEWATER SPECTACLE

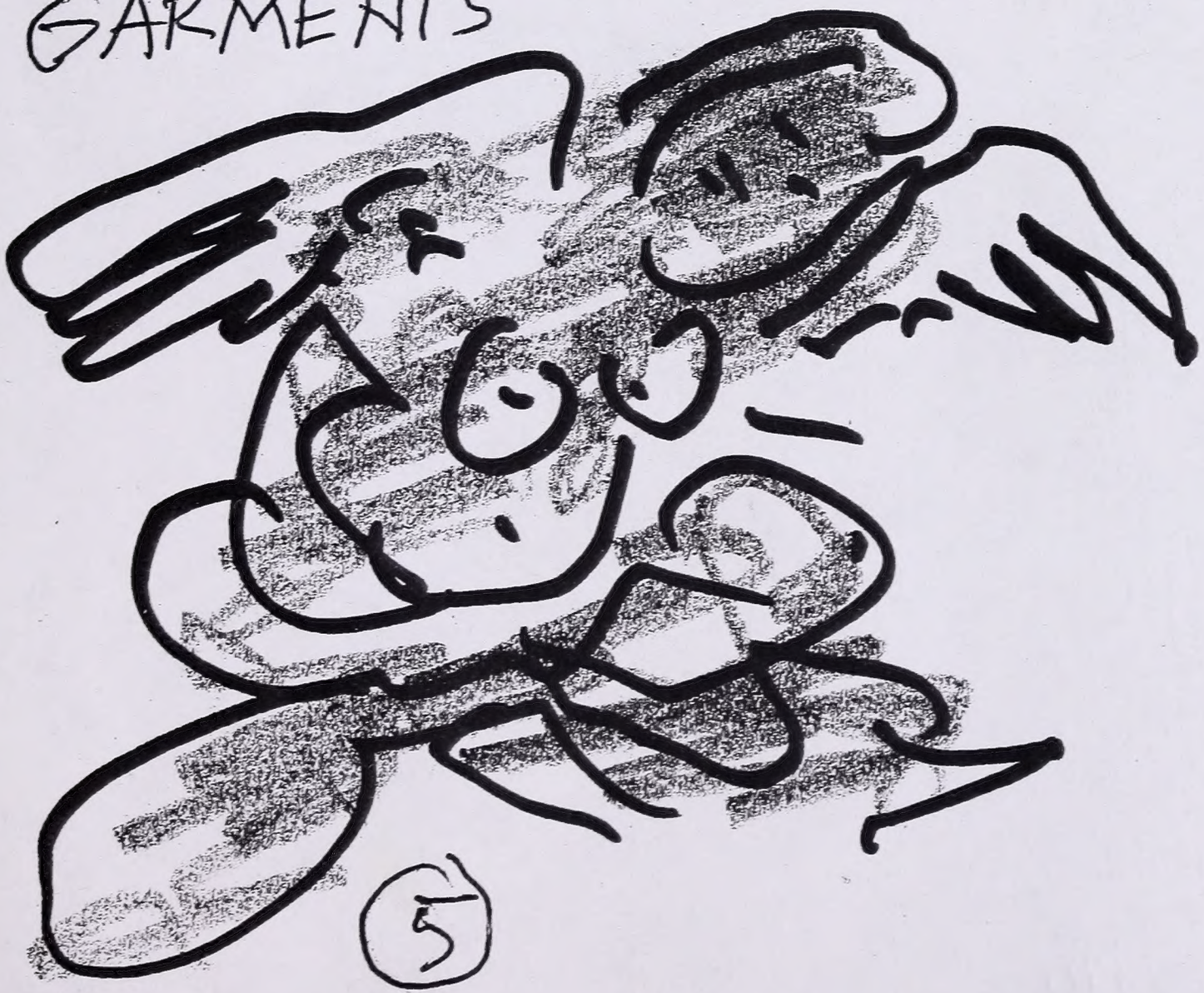
RUSHING ON TO COLUMBUS CIRCLE TO THE HORSEHIGH

GENERAL WITH HIS VICTORY CHERUB WHITENED BY HIS PIGEON ARMY'S DROPPINGS

& FINALLY PEACE & HARMONY FULLY PROGRESSING ALONGSIDE CENTRAL PARK ALL THE WAY TO THE MET

WHICH ACCOMODATES A FLOCK OF BERNINI ANGELS AS NUMEROUS AS THE GENERAL'S PIGEON ARMY

THEN ONLY DOES THE SOUL RELAX ITS FEET & ALLOW THEM THE SLOW PACE OF THOSE CERAMIC UNDERLIFESIZE ANGELS OF YESTERYEAR WHILE ADMIRING THEIR NAKED BELLIES, SWEETLY CUSHIONED IN OVEREXITED GARMENTS



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